Caught In the Act

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by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal decides to pay Will's home in Wolf Trap a visit when Will is officially off to Ohio. Being in the Alpha's home, Hannibal can't resist to sniff Will's shirts. He doesn't know that Will is there and watching the scene.

Prequel to "When The Teacup Comes Together and Replicates."

Notes

I dedicate this to my writing partner UnknownMusing who gave me the prompt idea in the Tumblr chat a while ago. Thank you, mon Amie 💕.

I also dedicate this to all my readers whose heart I have broken with my inability to continue my WIPs 🙈😭.

Started this oneshot months ago and after lots of struggles I finished it last night because I got angry with me for not finishing it.

Assuming Will had gone with Jack and the forensic team for a few days to investigate the newest murders of beta teenagers in Ohio, Hannibal explored his modest, home without any sense of shame as he missed the presence of the alpha and needed his scent. He fed the dogs with his self-made sausages before stepping away from the entrance where they had greeted him and took a closer look. After toying with the fishing lures on the working table, his gaze drifted towards the wooden drawer in the corner where his shirts and underwear were probably stored.

He opened the drawer, glanced at the meticulously folded white t-shirts and blue boxers.Feeling a prickling sensation on his neck and thinking he heard footsteps or another noise, he whirled around and listened. Nothing but silence. There were no suspicious movements indicating Will's presence or barks from the dogs. Continuing his exploration, Hannibal smiled to himself, feeling like Eve in the garden Eden, curious to bite into the tempting, juicy apple.

With careful hands he grabbed one of the white t-shirts and smelled the scent of cheap laundry detergent. He closed his eyes while he relented to his secret longing. Putting it back, displeased with the absence of Will's unique scent, he picked up the sweaty shirt in the basket.

There it was. His particular fragrance, wood, and earth mixed with the sweat caused by his nightmares and faint traces of his encephalitis. He placed his cheek on the damp shirt. Oh, how he would have loved to take it with him to ease his solitude at night when Will had been hospitalized.

Will, who had returned earlier than expected after the killer was quickly identified and caught, watched the odd scenario of his psychiatrist and the Ripper rummaging through his belongings and scenting his underwear. Having returned from his bathroom, he lingered on the beginning of the stair leading to the ground floor. He stood completely still and hid away from sight.

He had used a beta spray to prevent the killer from discovering he was an alpha and his scent while tracking him. It was still working as the better products lasted up to some days or even a week. Hannibal should not be able to notice he was there in this room.He gave his dogs a warning sign with his hands. Well- trained as they were they obeyed and stayed on their spot.

With his other hand, he recorded Hannibal's crime using his smartphone, decided to send the video to Jack Crawford, wondering what the agent would do about it. Would he finally believe him that Dr. Lecter was an omega and the potential killer who had been murdering alphas like him?

Knowing he had not much time, Hannibal placed his worn shirt back into the basket. A soft growl escaped his mouth as he scented the used boxer shorts with the cum stains beneath and he buried his nose in it. Will, meanwhile, furrowed his eyebrows at the sight and lowered the phone, not believing what he was seeing.

Will hesitated for a moment before he pressed the send button in the encrypted messenger. Should he send it to Freddie Lounds or Jack? He contemplated his options. Freddie would make a spectacle out of it and he was sure to not be left alone in ages.Hannibal would be furious and take legal action, making it impossible to incarcerate him so easily. Jack, on the other hand, was easier to handle.

Once the message had been transmitted, Will had no other choice than to wait, hoping his scent and rut blockers would work. Groans resounded in the living room and Will peaked around the corner. Hannibal had slipped one hand beneath the waistband of his fine trousers and masturbated. In front of his dogs.

For someone who would always uphold politeness as his core values, this was scandalous behavior. Will, who had not taken a mate in ages, snarled and grumbled, quietly enough to not disturb his object of interest. His phone buzzed and he quickly unlocked the screen.

What the fuck is going on? What's Dr. Lecter doing in your home? Please clarify and spare me further details.

Will rolled his eyes. The situation was more than obvious. He hastily typed an answer, occasionally hurling a checking glance on Hannibal, watching how the omega got himself off.

Well, as you can see, the Chesapeake Ripper has sneaked into my home and likes to sniff my underwear.

His phone whizzed and Will skimmed the newest message appearing on the screen.

Come on.Don't give me this crap again. Why on earth are you still thinking he's the Ripper?

*Isn't it quite suspicious behavior? Breaking into my home without permission and going through my belongings? He took an interest in my fishing lure*s *and fucking messed with them.*

It's weird, yes, and he deserves a scold for his unprofessional behavior, but Hannibal is not the only omega out there. Be careful about your suspicion.There is no evidence pointing to Hannibal being the Ripper.No immediate motive.

And this is why he's the Ripper. No traceable motive except his own satisfaction.Hannibal had once been a surgeon at John Hopkins. The dinner parties he throws once every three months has to make you think twice. He probably butchers and cooks the meat after his heat. Do you really think this is just a coincidence?

Gotta go now.I hope you can sort out this delicate matter without me or accusing Hannibal.

Will sighed and covered his face with his left hand for the fraction of a moment.

How blind could one man such as Jack Crawford, head of the behavioural science unit of the FBI, possibly be?

He lifted his head and continued to watch how Hannibal closed his eyes, put his head back, pulled his trousers and fine panties down, fingering himself, hitting his desired spot with skilled, quick fingers while inhaling the scent of his dirty boxers.

The sight of Hannibal with his beautiful ass wrapped up in some black-golden silken panties ,which were already soaked with slick, was torture for the alpha The sweet pheromones even challenged the high-quality beta spray of his. Before long Will decided to end the charade.

As quietly as he was able to, Will sneaked down into the living room. The dogs jumped up again and barked. Plus the creaking stair he stood on betrayed him. Scenting him despite the scent neutralizer, the omega whirled around, his face changing into a nice shade of red.The psychiatrist went about to cover himself but Will stopped him with a crooked grin and yanked his pants back down.

"I am truly sorry, Will. I don't know what has gotten into me." The psychiatrist avoided his gaze, looking thoroughly humiliated at being caught in the act.

He exhaled sharply as arousal seized him. More slick formed in his ass and gushed down his thighs. Hannibal stood there and started trembling. Sweat covered his forehead and he breathed heavily.All telltale signs of an omega to go into heat. And Hannibal's would not be an easy one as Will was aware.

"I am really embarrassed...but my heat is due."

Will lingered on the spot, a little conflicted. Sending out omegas being in heat was a no-go for every alpha and also legally punishable. On the other hand, Hannibal was presumably the Chesapeake Ripper. Yet Will has also taken a liking to him. A fatal mixture.

"I can smell it on you, yeah."

Will sniffed the luring pheromones wafting through the air and stepped closer towards the quivering omega who started babbling again.

"I understand if you do not want me to stay. I can leave and ride it out at home."

"Oh no, you won't. You aren't going anywhere, *Doctor."*

The omega obeyed when he heard Will's seductive Alpha voice call him Doctor and stayed where he was, enthralled by the melodic sound. A little reluctant perhaps, like a doll whose strings were played a puppeteer, but Hannibal couldn't do anything against the instincts of his body. Will licked his pink lips and cocked his head, pleaded with that.

"Take off your clothes, *Omega*", he ordered in his commanding, irresistible Alpha voice with a smirk.

Instinctively, Hannibal did how he was told and undressed, dropping his clothes to the floor without folding them as Will dismissed his intention with a flick of his hand. First slowly, hesitantly, then faster when his eyes met Will's burning and impatient gaze.

"Good boy", Will purred, circling his nude intruder, admiring his lean, yet strong body from all angles. Inside he was a bit conflicted, of course, with seeing his psychiatrist and foe in all his magnificent glory but it felt good to be back in control for once.

The omega then let himself sink into his bed, buried himself in his sheets and looked up expectantly at Will and even whimpered a little. Tossing his clothes to the floor, Will then climbed up on the bed and scented him, imprinting his own on the omega. The fragrance he took in was musk mixed with lavender and it turned Will on.

Hannibal's skin was blazing hot, sweaty and sticky beneath Will's hands as the body temperature had risen. The eyes of Hannibal were clouded with a silvery fog. He was losing control.

Will's eyes flashed blood red as he took in the beautiful presentation of Hannibal’s well-trained body below him. For an omega he was remarkably strong and muscular. Will had the Chesapeake Ripper in his power and the prospect of subduing him made his cock twitch even more in interest and grow painfully hard. He felt a ferocious longing to wreck this omega rise in him and his heartbeat quicken. It was the anticipation of the primal alpha rut.The rut would come and soon everything would be a mess in this room. Luckily his dogs were safe.

"Will...I need you", Hannibal moaned in a hoarse voice, wanting to grind his body against Will's and finally get his knot.

"I'll have to get some water", Will told him while he was fighting his rut taking over him. He knew once they started they wouldn't stop for hours and even though he disliked Hannibal's actions, he had to take care of the omega. "Be right back."

Will walked into the kitchen and retrieved two bottles of water as well as some fruits from his fruit basket and some cheese. He could cook dinner after the first wave of heat had abated but right now the omega needed immediate satisfaction or he would kill and make steak out of him.

When Will came back and had placed the bottles and tray on the nightstand and dragged it away from the bed,Hannibal then lunged forward and pulled him down with a ferocity and desperation Will hadn't been able to anticipate.

There was a struggle of power in the bed. Desperate in their heats, omegas always fought a little, testing the strength of their potential alpha mate. The alpha that defeated them, would be worthy to be their mate and also a high biological match. Will knew this but had forgotten about it due to being abstinent for years.

Hannibal growled, growing savage and primal now as his omega instincts overwhelmed him but so did Will whose canine teeth showed and his muscles grew visible.The alpha used his whole strength of his biceps to keep him pinned down to the sheets, panting and growling.

They flipped while they struggled for dominance in the bed. There was kicking, fighting, snarling and biting, although Will paid attention not to bond with him accidentally. The bed-frame creaked menacingly beneath their weight.

In another room, as Will had shut the dogs out, harsh and frantic barks resounded as a loud bang announced the inevitable breaking of the wood holding the bed together. It was a bit lopsided now but they didn't care and continued to battle in their heat and rut.

Until the struggle had been won by Will.

Hannibal was defeated and satisfied with the outcome, opening his legs for him, making himself pliant and obedient for the alpha's cock.

"Please...please, Will", Hannibal begged, his chest heaving and falling fast due to the exhaustion, while Will scrutinized him from above.

"You've been very naughty, Hannibal", Will purred with narrowed eyes. "I don't know if you deserve my knot with you being the Ripper."

This revelation made Hannibal freeze and hold his breath. His eyes glowed up in the purest silver and the pupils dilated. But the quiet before the storm was soon over as sheer panic seized him.Hannibal frantically thrashed around, trying to free himself and kill Will, reaching for his throat.

Will would not have it and beat his hands away. Soothing pheromones permeated the air. Having subdued him once again, Will then calmed the distressed omega with a kiss, a soft bite into his neck ,without leaning a mark, and caressing strokes of his face.

"Stop", Will ordered."No one is going to arrest you." He kissed him to appease the beast in his omega.Hannibal obeyed, purred and held still, wondering what Will would be doing next. His curiosity was piqued. He wanted to say something but Will cut him off.

"I think we should talk about this after your heat."

Then Will finally started to take care of the omega and planted kisses on his pectorals, his shoulders, the well-defined abs until he reached his bulging cock and took it in his mouth, causing Hannibal to exhale and whimper and clutch the sheet beneath him with his fists.

Pleased with the omega's reaction, Will continued to fellate Hannibal who bucked his hips to fuck Will's mouth faster and more intensely.Will slowed down when Hannibal tried to accelerate and after a sharp slap and bite on his thighs, Hannibal whined and obeyed.

"That's better", Will answered, his stubble grazing along his testicles, which tickled the omega.

"Let Daddy take care of you."

The use of word was random but seemed to appeal to Hannibal, for his eyes sparkled again before flushing deeply red. He said nothing,getting lost in the bliss of overstimulation.

Will licked, sucked at his cock and balls, knowing instinctively what Hannibal would crave and what would drive the omega mad.

"Please...", the omega voice was seductive and thick. "Please knot me, Will. I need it."

He was flung on his belly with a rough movement. His cock pressing against the mattress below, his lovely butt exposed to the alpha. Will petted these lovely mounds of flesh with his hands before he lubed up two of his fingers and opened Hannibal up, stimulating his prostate with sharp, intense thrusts. Before long Hannibal had no other choice but to twitch, shout before he spilled his cum on Will's sheets for the first time this evening.

Will growled as he tasted the slick on his finger. It was sweet; deliciously sweet like the taste of ripe fruits.Settling between his straddled legs, Will lined up his engorged, dark pink cock against Hannibal's puckered entrance and thrust it in.

Will threw his head back. Too long he didn't have sex with anyone. He didn't have an omega for a good dozen years. The feeling of being united with an omega was indescribable. Having sex with an omega was different than sleeping with a beta - it was more intense, more satisfying, more primal. His inner alpha was satisfied at being the one in power and he made it clear by fucking Hannibal as hard as he could.

They were switching positions once in a while due to the broken bed and before long Hannibal sat on Will's lap on a chair, rocking on his Alpha's cock and making satisfied, pleasures noises.

"Bite me", Hannibal demanded with an irresistible whine but Will didn't.

No, not in a million lightyears and certainly not when Hannibal was not in his right mind.

"No", Will growled back instead and crushed his mouth against Hannibal's rendering him unable to speak for some moments.

Will gripped his hips tightly, supporting Hannibal's frantic movements to chase his own pleasure.

However, the omega sensed his alpha's reluctance to bond with him. He stood up and hauled Will with a surprisingly strong grip on the table in the living room, throwing him down. Will's head almost knocked against the sharp edge of the table.

"Bond with me", Hannibal demanded, once more, his maroon eyes sparkling. He hissed in anger, impatience and desperation and kept pressing Will down on the wooden table.

This situation made Will even more furious. Empowered by his rage he soon gained back the upper hand. Will restrained Hannibal by putting his hands behind his back like an officer would do, rendering the omega helpless and using enough force to make Hannibal give up.

"I said it before. NO!", Will snarled loudly.

Having Hannibal lying on the table and resigned to defeat, Will set up a relentless, punishing pace and fucked Hannibal raw and as hard as he could, making him pant and mewl. Sometimes he yanked a fistful of Hannibal’s hair. Now he looked messy with his frizzy blonde bangs and it gave him enough satisfaction.

He hated fucking a serial killer in heat, an omega who wanted to use his heat in a strategic way to make him bond and become his mate for life. Oh and he'd love to make him a killer, too. The audacity of this dumb cannibal.

Hannibal didn't object when Will pushed in and pulled out in a very frantic rhythm, making the table nearly break under them, too.

Will slammed his cock into him with brute force, rolling his hips back and forth until he found his knot to be swelling and locking inside his omega's uterus.

Hannibal wailed as he finally felt Will's cock locked inside him and he came once more, spurting out his release on the wooden table. Will jerked and twitched as orgasm seized him, too. They lingered in this rather uncomfortable position with Hannibal bent over the table for quite a while. When the silence became too dense, he broke it.

"I am so glad you found out my secret, love."

Will's gaze behind him darkened and he clenched his jaw. "Don't call me that. I am just helping you out. Nothing more."

Hannibal chuckled at Will's denial of his feelings, even though it earned him a spanking on his ass. "How does it feel to fuck the Chesapeake Ripper? To be in control and in love with a killer?"

Will's cheeks were burning in humiliation as he knew it was true. He bit his lips and growled. Inwards he counted to ten and hoped he'd stop cumming soon.

"You like being in control, Will", the omega purred, trying to manipulate and humiliate him further. "And you love me. You can't keep denying yourself."

"I have always seen the potential in you, beloved. You could do many great things with the darkness lurking inside you. We could hunt together. The ones not worthy of mankind. The ones too rude to.."

"Shut the fuck up", Will interrupted him, hating himself that he had to bear a sassy omega, the Chesapeake Ripper in his home and liked to fuck him. A lot. And that his urges to murder Hannibal grew stronger with every metaphorical nonsense his thin, pretty lips cast out.

After pulling out and resting for a bit with him on the broken bed, Will silenced the good doctor by pushing his alpha cock inside his mouth without mercy or being kind to his subdued omega.

Will knew the irony of letting a cannibalistic serial killer suck his cock but Will just couldn't take his stupid waffling.

"If you dare to bite", Will hissed, narrowing his eyes, "You won't be alive for long."

The omega's eyes had an impish and proud glimpse in them, but Hannibal obeyed and took his cock well, without gagging much or relenting to this temptation to taste his flesh.

The wild days of Hannibal’s heat passed by in a vicious circle of sweaty, angry sex, sleeping, resting, eating, hydrating, occasionally letting out the dogs and feeding them when Will was lucid. Plus, he made them a Nest on the floor and removed the broken bed frame to have it more comfortable. But during all of this he didn't even bother or think about to call Jack, the dean at the academy or Alana so busy was he to keep Hannibal under his control and cater to his omega.

Jack's black vehicle pulled up outside his home, wanting to check on Will and inquire why he didn't call him on time before his rut started and caused him some trouble with the bureau and his boss.

When nobody opened the door after knocking, Jack walked around the house. Peaking through the window on the right side of the home, he was shocked at observing the scenery unfolding in front of him.The image of Will knotting Hannibal on the lopsided ,messy bed was stuck in his mind and Jack quickly turned away from the scene before he was discovered, shaking his head in disbelief. The alpha was glad his rut days were over. He pitied Will and Hannibal.

Sitting in his car, Jack typed and forwarded a message to Will, hoping he would catch the cue.

I am glad you have found a way to settle your...conflict with Hannibal.

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